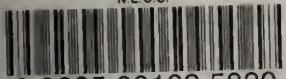


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# *Parnassus*

*Fall 1997*



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# Parnassus

Inter-Arts Magazine  
of  
Northern Essex Community College  
Haverhill, Massachusetts 01830

Fall  
1997

Parnassus is the name of the mythological mountain home  
of the nine muses who inspired humankind in the arts.

The policy of the editorial staff has been to select material for the magazine democratically. We have read each work submitted and viewed all artwork. We voted to determine eligibility: a majority vote for a piece meant publication. *Parnassus* provides an opportunity for new artists and writers to reach others; it's a showcase of Northern Essex Community College student creativity.



A.J. Cyr

# Parnassus

## Fall 1997

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## Autumn Guests

With that first nose chilling breath of brisk Autumn air I watch the skies with excited eyes. Sometimes their instinctive course carries them so high I can't even make out their individual wings, just a tiny soaring chevron, that ancient, unmistakable, sign that another careless, carefree summer has been grudgingly put to bed, all too soon to be tucked in by winter's frosty protective blanket of snow. Some flocks fly so low I can hear their frenzied honking goading each other on... "just a little further" into the waning autumn evening. Until, at last, they gracefully, gratefully glide down to share an exhausted night's rest in some familiar watery landscape.

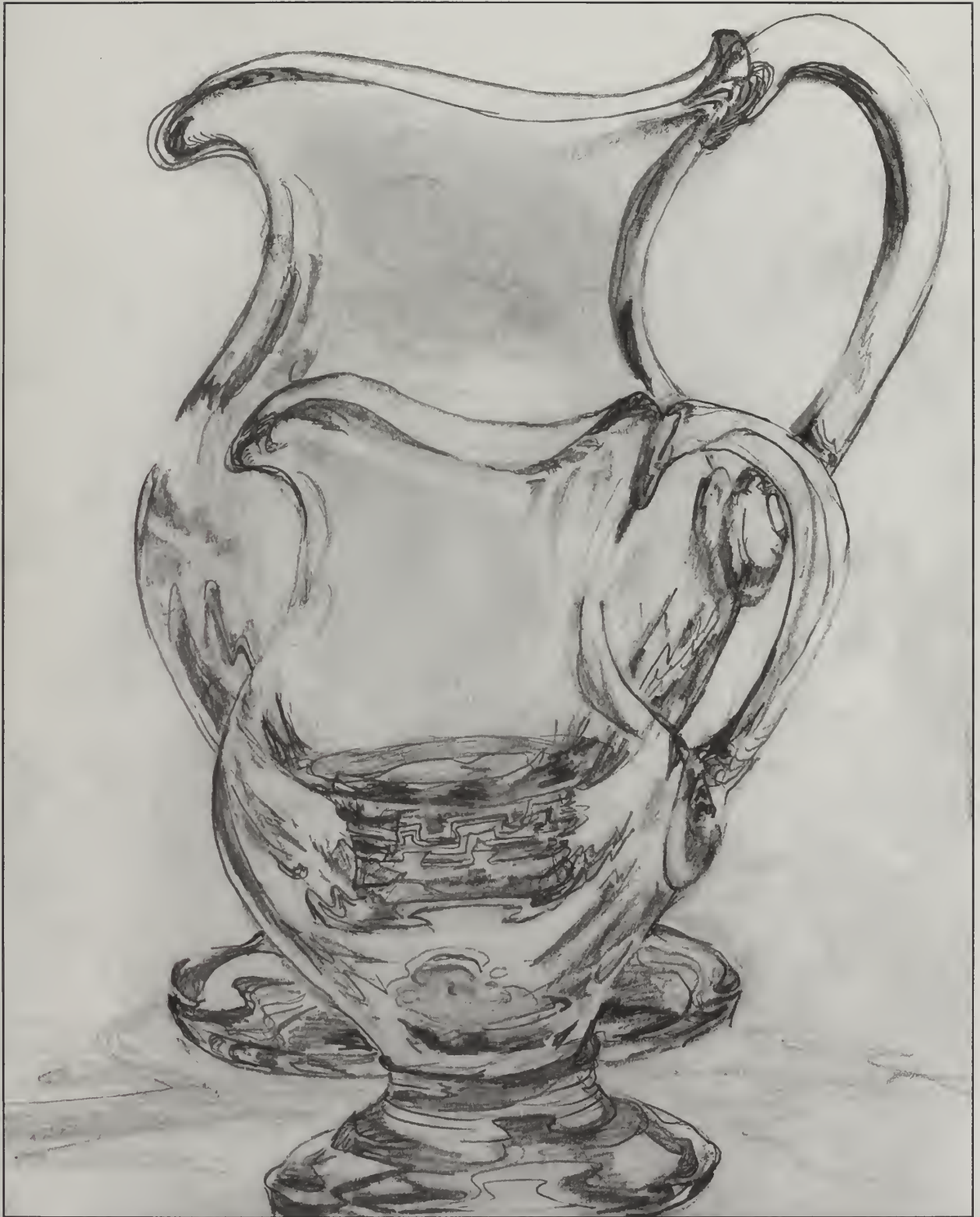
My fascination with this impressive seasonal show began many years ago, growing up beside the smells and sights and sounds of a historically forgotten grist mill pond. In those heady, blue sparkling days summer was endless. The timid wood ducks and metamorphosing frogs and hungry perch and bass and painted turtles and countless intermingling insect varieties and the rare osprey and long legged heron and cranes, these are the images that haunt the memories of my childhood's summer days.

The dissonant nightly chorus of my pond creature's peeps and hoots and thrums... lulled my little girl spirit into sleep, deep into those long, purple, twilight summer evenings.

There inevitably came a day when the sweet summer air mingled with the pungent smell of decaying leaves. The balmy nights would gradually turn cold and chill. The evening sunset shifted from pink to russet. A reflective hush would settle on the mirrored surface of my little pond. And then, very faintly in the distance, it was a curious indefinable sound at first growing and growing until your

hands wanted to lift to protect your ears from the deafening racket. Then from out of the deepening dusk, over the treetops they would appear. It seemed like hundreds of them honking and flapping and skidding to a splashing halt; churning up the murky water and upsetting the local pond denizens who had settled in for the night. The Canada geese were back! It was the one irrefutable sign that Autumn had somehow once again overtaken us. For you see my little pond, though unremarkable to human eyes, was a brief, blessed sanctuary to countless flocks of weary Canada geese undertaking their annual migration to warmer summer climes. They stopped to feed and rest, whole beautiful velvety flocks of them. One day they stayed, two at the most, then they were gone. Many different flocks arrived throughout the autumn each one heralded by that joyful, boisterous honking far off in the distance.

I decided one very chill October dawn, to sneak down to the pond to wave good-bye to the geese which I knew were sure to be one of the last flocks to visit that year. There was already a thin brittle crust of ice beginning to form in the shallows and close up the marshy inlets. Wrapped in a warm, woolly blanket I quietly made my way down the backyard slope to a stand of small brushy trees just at the water's edge and settled down on a rock to wait. My timing was perfect. The sleepy flock was just starting to stir in the pre-dawn light. Ghostly veils of mist drifted across the cold, dark water, concealing the pearly grays of the majestic birds. I could hear the soft mutterings of the earliest risers, waking the complaining others to the rigors of another grueling day in flight. As the sun peaked above the trees, burning off the last wispy tendrils of mist, the geese stretched and splashed and



Joy Libby



Christine Nye

meticulously groomed and reordered the flight-feathers on their powerful wings. They were all awake now milling around the edges of the pond in disorganized confusion. A few began a wilder flapping lifting themselves up straight almost out of the water. As if contagious, others at the back of the flock took up the anxious gesture adding hoarse honking. The atmosphere was electric! Comrades and relatives, companions and enemies an entire social organism was here communicating, interacting before my uninitiated eyes. They were bound together by the same insistent, instinctual yearning to be off before winter's icy grip claimed the lakes and ponds rendering them useless to water-feeding creatures.

The sun was quickly rising. Precious time was being wasted. The frenzied honking grew to a deafening crescendo shattering the peaceful dawn and rousing the local pond creatures to witness their raucous departure ritual. And then as if some supreme command had been given the random milling ceased and the geese swam into an organized procession. Places were taken. Every goose knew its assigned position. A chosen leader swam to the apex of the two lines and the others fell in behind

him. There were no arguments, no hesitation. It was time to go and none wished to be left behind.

With a final look behind him the leader turned to face the sun and began pounding his wings on the water. The others down each line followed his example until the whole flock surged forward in choreographed unison and lifted gracefully up off the water in a perfect "V" formation. They gained height by one practice flight-circle around the pond passing so close above my head that I could hear the muffled swooshing of their feathers as they flew. As they rose higher into the air their honking became wild and jubilant. They were alive. They had survived another night of their journey.

I jumped to my feet cheering as the entire flock dipped one wing in my direction as in a farewell salute. I spun around laughing, captured inside a whirling blizzard of snowy white feathers and blaring, joyous trumpets.

I stood a long time in the cold, empty air transfixed, staring after the geese until their frenzied honking finally faded and the flock was nothing more than a tiny dark speck against the crimson sky.

Mary L. Mattison Coburn



Maureen Becotte

Northern Essex Community College

Fall Semester  
Writing Awards Ceremony



Department of English & Foreign Languages

8 December 1997

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## The Awards

### Certificates of Award

Every student honored today has been cited for excellence by his or her current English Composition instructor and will receive a certificate.

### Book Awards

Those students whose essays the Awards Committee judges have noted as deserving special recognition will receive book awards.

### The Professor Elizabeth Arnold Award

This award, given when the Awards Committee deems an English Composition I essay outstanding, is named in honor of Professor Emeritus Elizabeth Arnold, who taught journalism and composition at the college from 1969 to 1988. Professor Arnold initiated the journalism concentration and under her supervision the *NECC Observer* grew to a forty page bi-weekly newspaper.

### The Professor Roland Kimball Award

Professor Emeritus Roland Kimball served as professor of English from the college's beginning in 1961 until 1992. As the first chairman of the English Department, he was instrumental in developing English Composition and literature courses. His devotion to his subject was an inspiration both to his students and to fellow faculty members. When the Awards Committee deems it appropriate, this award honors an outstanding English Composition II essay and its author.

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## The Honorees

in alphabetical order

### English Composition I

Nancy L. Allard	Kimberly A. Huffman
Anait G. Altunian	Jane Kelley
Albert Y. Blanco	Steven M. King
Emily R. Boudreau	Greg M. Laflamme
Kenley E. Bowser	Deborah E. Landers
Beth C. Brouillette	Arnella A. Deus-Morales
John V. Cahoon	Michelle E. Mack
Alex Carrasco	Meylynda M. Marchi
Maryann Connolly	Kate P. Mauro
Richard P. Cronin	Roy B. Morgan
James F. Dennis	Catherine M. Murphy
Karen D. DeVitto	Barbara J. Polletta
Mackenzie T. Dewar	Chris P. Rapisardi
George P. Dube	Emily M. Seluta
Britta W. Eberle	Michele B. Sempere
Ana I. Flores	Robert J. Stokes
Jeremy P. Gillis	Kathleen Titus
José J. Guicho, Jr.	Sara K. Medelinskas
Nathan J. Hadlock	Delphine Van Tassel
Pamela A. Hantzis	Heather L. Wilson
Sharon Harris	David L. Woods
Ken L. Horne	Elizabeth A. Wright

(Continued)

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Carly Bedrosian

## Crossing Hampton Bridge

My brother Thanatos  
stands alone  
perched upon the high bridge poised ready  
like an eagle talons gripping rail surveys his territory  
land sky sea dark green—  
drenched rocks swirling rush of tide below

Like an arrow golden  
his long form a narrow straight  
pointed needle on the edge gleaming steady  
eyes threading ocean river eddy  
fish gulls and shells blue scaled winged grey  
water & flesh & bone feather & mollusk

A brief glimmer  
blazing steel blade  
hurled away slung into the blue void  
out of the hands of some old disgruntled god  
body hurtles down plunges toward  
pure cold waves  
serrulates the startled green water  
of the sea river  
his body

Out

Up

springs

whirls

Down

n

u

p

into singing reeds titled slabs  
cathedraled weary rock prayers laid  
to barnacles vanished into river silt sand &  
tow  
under-

Eyes trace back through afternoon  
past curtain fluttering opaque lace light  
see his flesh planes of face see black coffee eyes  
stare up into clouds touch summer heat mirage  
    feel the thirty-year old wild shiver of limbs  
    hear the banshee shriek flung from the single quiver  
    taste wind seaflower slippery winding weed and brine  
        as ocean caresses lashes kisses lips  
        spits the boy man boy image  
        up up up from the depths the deep deep chasm

this time this time this time  
he rises  
ascends from hell  
this time...

## My brother Thanatos Lost

mj wagner

## Speaking by Surprise

I have come to accept that there are certain characteristics about myself that I cannot permanently change. After all, everyone has dimensions to their personality that are so deeply rooted, that they become a part of who they are. I, for example, have always been slightly shy, though I cringe at that description. My greatest fear is speaking in front of a large group of people, and I used to avoid it at all costs. Several years ago however, I decided I had to overcome this pointless fear. I set about trying to desensitize myself by throwing myself into situations that before would have sent me running for the hills. Since then I have surrendered to the fact that though I can alter and hide my shyness, this is a facet of who I am. With acceptance comes peace and sometimes a sense of humor about the whole matter.

It was a strange path I chose to take to evict these emotions from my body...strange, yet at the very least, partially effective. It started, I suppose, with my desire for change, which led me into my first position as a sales representative. I started selling cosmetics and novelty gifts door to door, gripped with fear at each and every house. Somehow, I persevered and learned how to emulate confidence, following the salesman's proverb, "Fake it till you make it." That is exactly what I did, and though I was certainly less shy, it was a rare occasion when my palms were dry.

My performance, which could have won me an Academy Award, earned me a management position three years later. I found myself dressed in a suit, with a reliable salary, company car, expense account, and a sales force for which I was responsible. My job was very fulfilling when I was dealing with people on a one-to-one basis, but sales meetings were my worst nightmare. These meetings were held once a month and in most cases I was talking to seventy people for two solid hours. Needless to say, I didn't like it. I found the

only way to survive these encounters was to always be well-prepared. I set about planning and rehearsing every speech, big or small, that I had to make. I was always armed with elaborate flip charts, and stacks of index cards. I did very well, but often became so paralyzed that I was practically reading my notes verbatim. Somehow, this all came across to people as my being well-organized and professional. That may sound pretty good, but in my situation it was not.

It was at our regional fourth quarter meeting held one crisp autumn morning three years later, that I was to learn how very little I had actually changed. I was feeling well spirited that day because I was not scheduled to speak. This factor often affected my mood for the day, and I lived for days such as this one when the burden was not on me. I arrived only slightly early, dressed in a crimson suit, and toting my Franklin planner filled with the marketing outlines that were to be discussed. I had scanned through them earlier over a steaming cup of coffee, and most of the information seemed identical to what was done the prior year.

I cheerfully greeted two of my top producers, Del and Phyllis, as we entered the brightly lit conference room together. Rows of comfortable chairs were arranged in front of a large podium at the head of the room, and most of the attendees were already seated. Del, Phyllis and I made our way to the back and each retrieved a cup of bitter tasting coffee from the silver decanter. Somehow we began to chat about the challenges of work and family during the upcoming holidays, when a voice over my right shoulder politely interrupted. My supervisor, Mary Jean Egglefield, was looking at me with frustration and impatience on her rigid features. She was a small woman with a large presence and a strong Canadian accent. Mary Jean had taught herself English, and the manner in



Nancy Allard



Sonia Courcy

which she spoke, combined with her accent, made her seem all the more stern. She was the only person I know that could tell a joke, and make you feel it was a grave error to laugh at it.

Mary Jean asked if she could speak to me privately, and I excused myself from the conversation. As we walked to a deserted corner of the room, I felt a knot forming in the pit of my stomach, and my mind reeled as I wondered what might be wrong. She began to explain that the manager who was supposed to speak about the marketing strategies, couldn't arrive in time to make the presentation. Pleadingly, she asked me to make the forty-five minute presentation for the absent manager. I tried to think of a reasonable excuse why I should not be the likely candidate for this position. My heart was pounding so loud I was sure she could hear it, and my voice wavered as I feebly told her I was simply not prepared. She smiled dismissingly and assured me I would do fine, and with a turn of her heel walked away. I was stunned as I realized I never really had a choice in the matter. Nothing I could say or do would get me out of this predicament. My palms began to dampen as I heard Mary Jean begin the meeting. I walked to my seat and stiffly sat down, trying to breathe deeply to calm my shaking body. My mind went completely blank, unable to remember what I had read that morning. I waited in dreaded anticipation for my name to be announced, and when it was, I arose from my chair, hoping my wobbly legs would be able to transport me to the podium. It seemed to take an eternity to arrive at the front of the room, and I could feel all eyes on me as I peered at the empty podium. Silently I willed index cards to magically appear...they did not. I took a deep breath, smiled, and lifted my gaze to the au-

dience. I offered a greeting and began my presentation with a slow shaky voice, that miraculously sounded much better to others than myself. I muddled my way through, certain I was missing several key issues, and presenting things slightly out of order. I ended with a personal expression of confidence, in both the marketing strategies and the abilities of the sales force to make the fourth quarter successful.

Applause began as I walked back to my chair and sat down, crossing my shaking legs, and inwardly sighing with relief. I barely heard anything else that was said that day. I was reflecting on how I managed to find myself in that kind of position, and more importantly how much it affected me. I knew before I left that day that it was a change in career, not personality, that I needed to strive for.

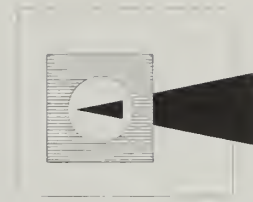
**Barbara J. Polletta**



**Sean Foley**



**L. Vivonia**



## Acquainted w/the night

I want to know you.  
Listen closely friend,  
You're on your way to the end.  
Are you as real as you feel?  
Once again,  
All your pleasure is pain,  
Still feel the same?  
Are you truly alive?  
On your one way dive.  
Setting limits on life,  
Lifelessness is limitless.  
I am all of you, but no one is me.  
All should see,  
One truth still remains...pain  
It can take its toll,  
Fearing death can steal your soul.  
The unknown can be achieved.  
Dear friend,  
Here comes your final bend.

Joshua R. Davidson

## The Chase

Driven, Driven  
Striving for a goal  
All my thoughts and energy  
focused on this one aspiration  
Sitting here wondering  
Should I stay? or Should I go?  
Put it all on the line?  
Or wait for another roll?  
The signals are mixing.  
Some hopeful, and yet  
some dissing.

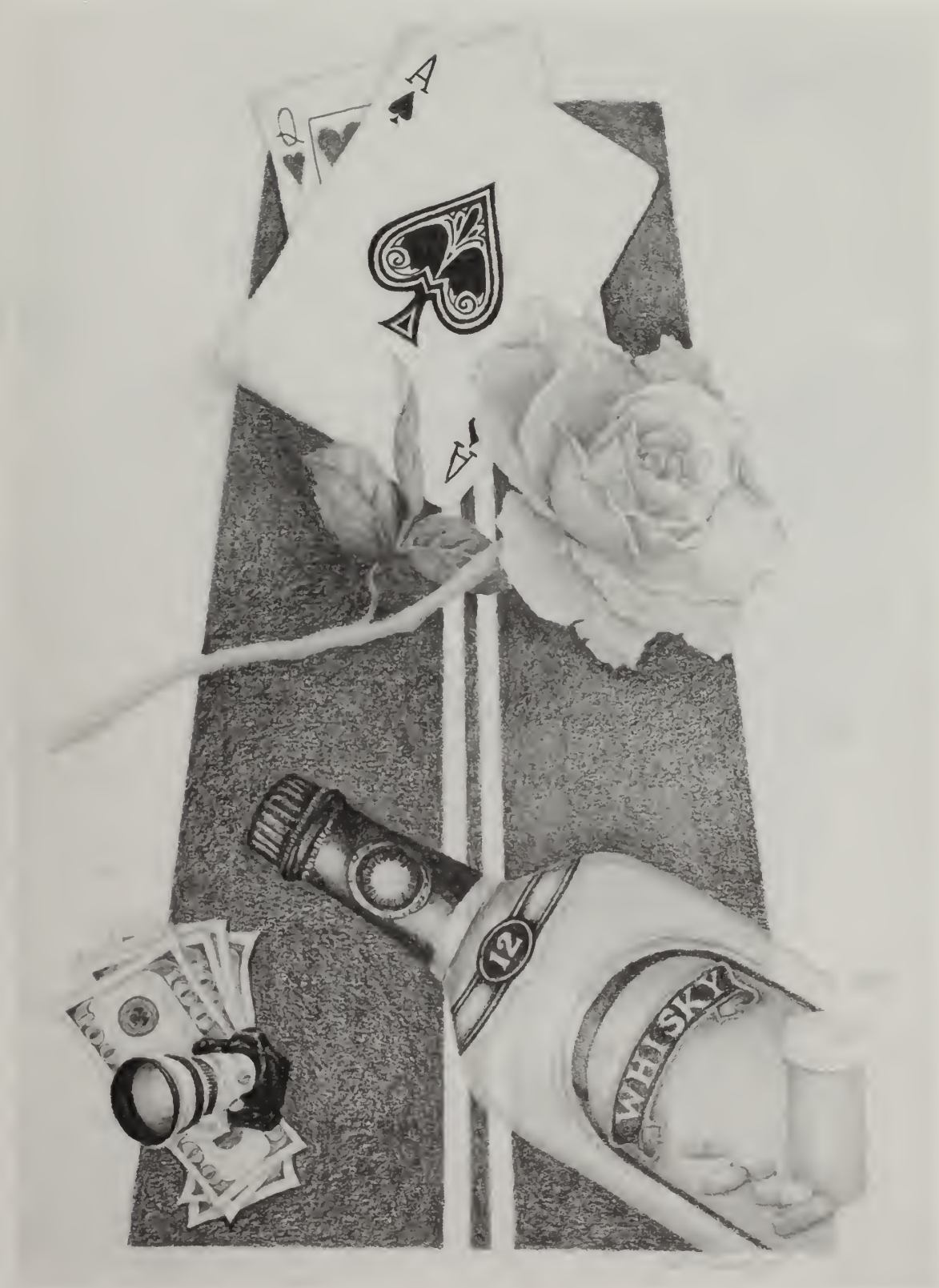
Running, Running  
chasing this dream  
Is this a chance happening?  
Or all part of a big scheme?  
Jumping from rooftop to rooftop  
Can't let this angel get away  
My feet are lead, and I'm out of breath  
but I dare not stop

Closer, Closer  
and further still  
Will I ever catch her?  
I doubt I will  
but I'm not stopping  
Just then she disappears.  
I begin to lose hope,  
When I hear her voice whisper this in my ear:  
"Keep moving, soon I'll be near."

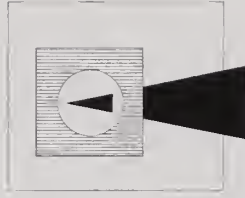
Irish Coffee



Cathy Demerjian



Cathy Demerjian



## The Love of Our Lord

He walked alone into our land  
and showing us miracles by his hand-  
He healed the sick to our dismay  
He even showed us His holy way.  
To save our souls is why He came.  
Jesus is His blessed name.  
The belief He was the Son of God  
many people thought was odd.  
And then Peter said, "I know Him not."  
Then Mary's son took up His cross.  
To keep us from sin is why He was born  
And when we treated Him with scorn  
He showed us that His heart was torn.  
And at His death we could only mourn.  
Nailed to a cross-His limbs stretched wide  
And with a spear thrust into His side  
"They know not what they do!" He cried.  
And giving up His spirit-He died.  
Now Jesus' resurrection on the third day  
Kept those who believe in God from going astray  
And led us back to His holy way.  
Forever in your love, O Lord, we'll stay.

Stephen Foley





Mary L. Coburn

## I Saw the Trees

I pass,...through,...this sky  
- destination towards unknown  
For I, travelin' straightly downward  
- towards this haven of God's great throne  
There are others,...'look-alike' me  
- on this journ o' wayward wonder  
But, do I have said-life's purpose?  
- as to replenish with lightning thunder?

Upon my wary arrival  
- I splash w' *dew* explosion  
For I,...landin'-a-top  
- of this green o' sway-motion  
"And who might you be?"  
- said this same shape of many  
"For I am of life,"  
- said I of plenty.

"There are others like you?"  
- said the *flex*-thing I perch on  
"For I am of millions!"  
- I returned, as I search on  
"I must descend on way,  
- gravity does want me  
I will *leave* you dank  
- for life,...I do grant thee."

I flow to the next  
- with grace like the *falls*  
Landing in whole  
- the next one calls,...  
"I say, dear drop,  
- do you mind my space?"  
"Your life depends," I said  
- "...on my watery embrace."

"But your touch does burn,"  
- said the secon' one I meet  
"I feel a weakness  
- at the *roots* of my feet."  
"Do not cry," say I,  
- You'll blen' w' my stature  
For I am life-givin'..."  
- (the leaf did not answer)...

I *dropped* to the third  
- it shook with awed fear  
Ner' splatterin' my existence  
- away, far,...and near  
"I say,...green thing  
- hold your stem  
For I am o' liquid  
- please, do not bend!"

"I know I need you!"  
- say numero three  
"Oh! The pow'r that's inside you  
- you do not understand thee?"  
I puzzle 'pon th' gesture  
- for I did not comprehend  
The words of the third  
- in my mind,... 'twas penn'd.

What other known compound,...  
- did I be'knownst to possess?  
To impose environmental fear  
- upon my tru'-soluble quest?  
"Aren't I, and Ra, th' giver...  
- of your implanted sturd' existence?  
For that I birth'd and cared you,...  
- t' you,...do I make sense?"

"You've been unknowin'ly corrupted  
- by the way of great *movers*  
They! Unthink'n'ly cut us down  
- to make house o' timbres!  
They burn us,...as to fuel  
- to make their charr'd, sweet warmth  
That infects *you* without knowing  
- this soot that I am bournth!"

"These *movers* that you say  
- are they not earthy honest?  
For they live 'n this place, too  
- do they kno' they long mess'd?"  
"They exist on you and I,"  
- said the third with drawn despair  
"But, to every *thing's* existence,...  
- they do not *think* to compare."



Laura Leszcynski

As I left the third bewildered  
- and slid to number four  
A caterpillar did hold-stead  
- on the fourth ,...he did bore  
"You are the link in th' chain,"  
- said he with sad green eyes  
"The earth cannot be cleansed  
- with your ongoing demise."

"For your circle of repeatin' life,"  
- as he turned the top of his head  
"Has been taint'd by movers-human  
- the movers of unwanted dread  
They've plundered, plowed and pillag'd  
- ravished, raked and scorn'd  
Depleted, drowned and drain'd,...  
- this great land,...that is torn."

"What's this non-forgiven' species?"  
- I said in *desolving* fear  
"They are the eco-rulers  
- but,...not,...they 'hear'...  
The call of the land  
- the cry of the breathing sky  
The tears of the burnin' water  
- environments,...completely dry.

He placed his swaying head  
- down,...upon leaf four  
He then,...cried to no end  
- then,...crawled to th' forest floor  
I sat in pondering wonder  
- I sat for quite some while...  
"Get off!" tossed my ground footing  
- flew I,...(seemed), for a mile!

Landing on the next  
- I felt totally unwanted  
"How are you, number five?"  
- he returned...very haunted,  
"Giver of burdened life!  
- Giver of burdened death!  
For all toxins wane!  
- Acid-i-ti-di-eth!"

The fifth continued onward, saying  
- "You are the blatant carrier!"  
His red (in green) veins shown  
- "There is no cleansing barrier!  
You're the secon' burn'n' source!  
- The first is the' way o' th' movers!  
They made you potent this way!  
- We're all true earthly losers!!!"

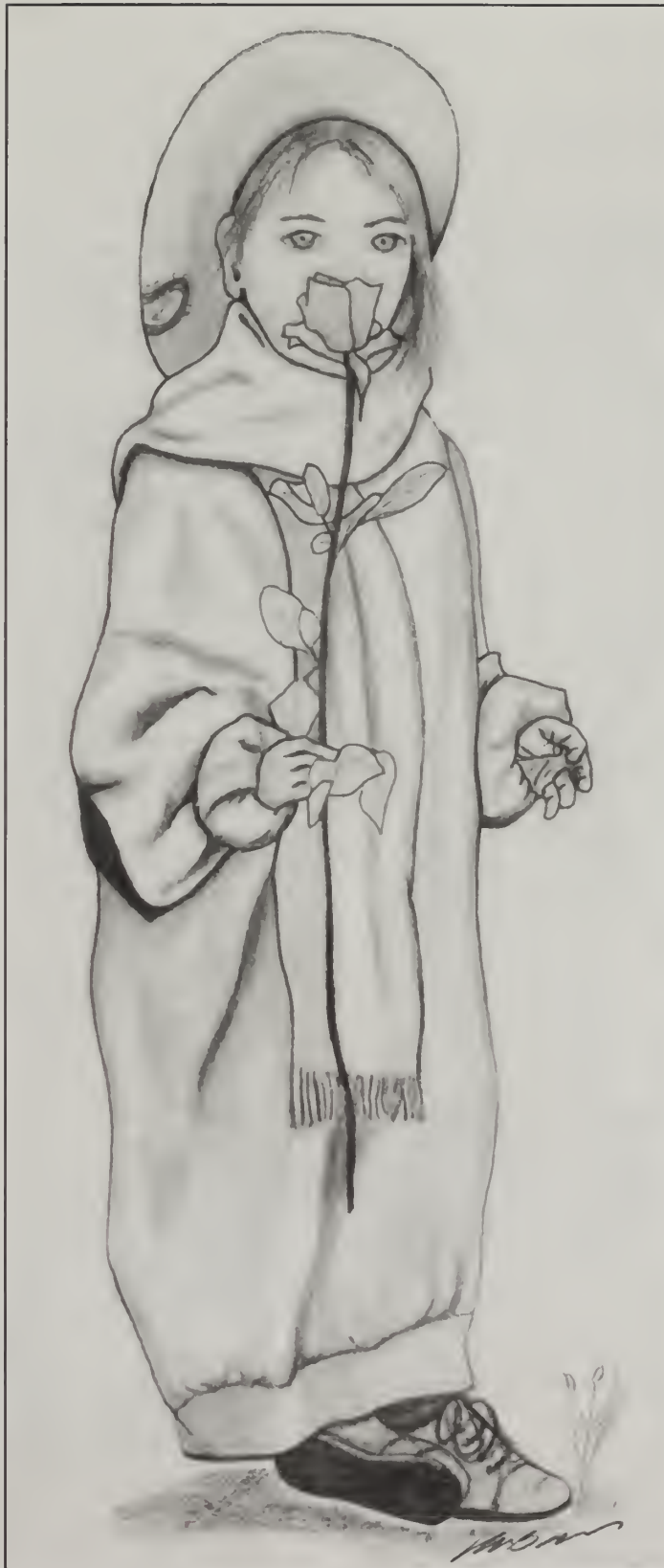
"Evaporate! Eee! Vaporize!  
- Return to the cryin' sky!  
Rain,... Rein no more,...  
- What you touch and torch'll die!"  
I did leap off him quickly  
- I bounced from leaf to leaf  
I *leave* each burning mark  
- scorched,...brown...in disbelief.

I finally reached floor earth  
- as sad as it can be  
"These movers! Humans o' death!"  
- I screamed in agony  
"How can they knowin'ly scratch?  
- How can they knowin'ly burn?  
A place of God's great Eden  
- a place that is now...an urn."

Off to my burnin' side  
- the caterpillar from b'fore  
Lay there toxic,... Lifeless  
- "Please,...let me see no more!"  
I slid down the sad embankment  
- I dropp'd to th' lonely stream  
Hoping for redemption  
- hoping,...it's but a...*dream*.

The millions that are like me  
- who share this tainted brook  
All knowin' brown'd-lightning  
- brought on by 'mover's crook'  
We all glanced at each other  
- we did not have to speak  
For "all things" were number'd  
- even leaves,...at their peak.





**Kevin Bacon**

*photo by Kim Anderson*

## Where Has She Gone?

I pull a chair over and place it right in front of where she is sitting. Nothing has changed since I saw her last. Her petite frame of five feet two inches and one hundred and five pounds sits propped up in a recliner with pillows around her just as it always is. Her once short, brown, curly and neatly combed hair is now long enough to touch her shoulders, completely grey, straight, and pulled back in a careless pony tail. Grey-green expressionless eyes hold fixed on something far away. I speak her name, trying to get her attention, I move my head into the line of her gaze. Her far away eyes seem to move towards my face, but remain expressionless. She does not know who I am. I am just a face. It has been eight years, maybe more, since she has been able to recognize me. I try to keep her attention by asking her if she knows my name, then I say it for her.

I remember many years ago, before she disappeared, she used to wink at me sometimes. I wink at her and ask her to wink back. I get no response. I ask her if she can smile at me, but her expression doesn't change. I ask again if she knows me, and once again repeat my name to her. I gesture to blow her a kiss, something else she used to do, but she does nothing. Her eyes drift off again. I wonder where she is. I keep talking, hoping for a reaction. I don't expect one, she has forgotten how to speak, she doesn't even try anymore. She just holds that blank gaze into somewhere, no where, only she knows where.

She has three grown children. They each live less than thirty minutes away, but I am the only one who ever comes to sit with her. In that chair is where she will stay for most of the day. She can no longer walk, she has forgotten how to do that too. My heart feels heavy and sad.

I know it has been a long time since I was able to just chat with her the way we used to, the way best friends do. But my memories are so fresh sometimes, and her voice so clear in my mind, I could close my eyes, and go back in time, back to a time when I was a child, when everything was all right. I see her in the kitchen, fussing over something, and she's humming a melody. The same one that I would hear at night before going to sleep.

I have memories of her sitting at a sewing machine, creating a beautiful Easter dress for me. The material, pastels of pink and purple flowers, a touch of green and yellow, on a white background. With the magic of her touch, it went from pieces of fabric, to a child's dream dress before my eyes. A sort of *Alice in Wonderland* dress with short puffed up sleeves, fitted waist giving way to a full skirt, and a pink velvet ribbon around the waist tied in a bow. With the left-over fabric, she would make a dress for my favorite doll. How did she take the pieces of fabric pinned to that paper and turn it into such a work of art? She *always* did the most interesting things.

Maybe I go about my life seemingly a though I am able to accept what has become of my best friend. She is forever on my mind, in my heart, part of me, who I am, and who I have become. She is the creator of the warmth, the compassion, and a soft gentle loving voice forever intertwining my life. She is forever the gentle hand that I feel rubbing my back when I am sick, hurt, or aching from a broken heart.

There were many Easter dresses, many aches to soothe, and many years of advice that have brought us to where we are now. Years did not pass entirely without conflict, but conflict was inevitable, and always ended.

I will often have a dream of her coming back to me. It's the only place where I can hear her

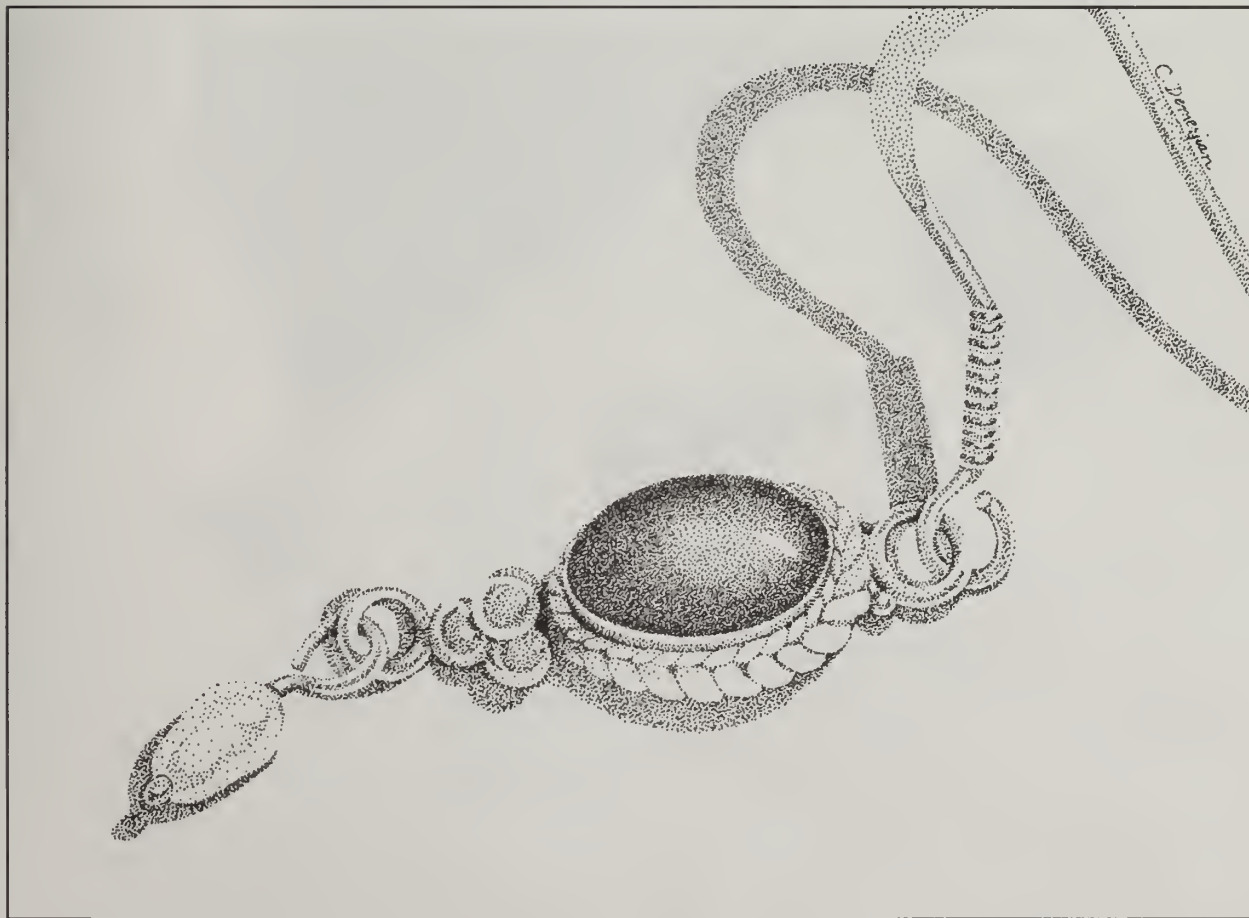
voice again. If I could only have a few moments. One more chance to be with the woman she was. I could say so much, share so much, listen to that voice I miss so very much, my best friend's voice, the voice of my mother.

I put my chair back in its place. I lean over close to her and rub my nose softly on her cheek. I give her a kiss, and say good-by again. I hate what has become of her. I hate that my son will never know his grandmother, and she

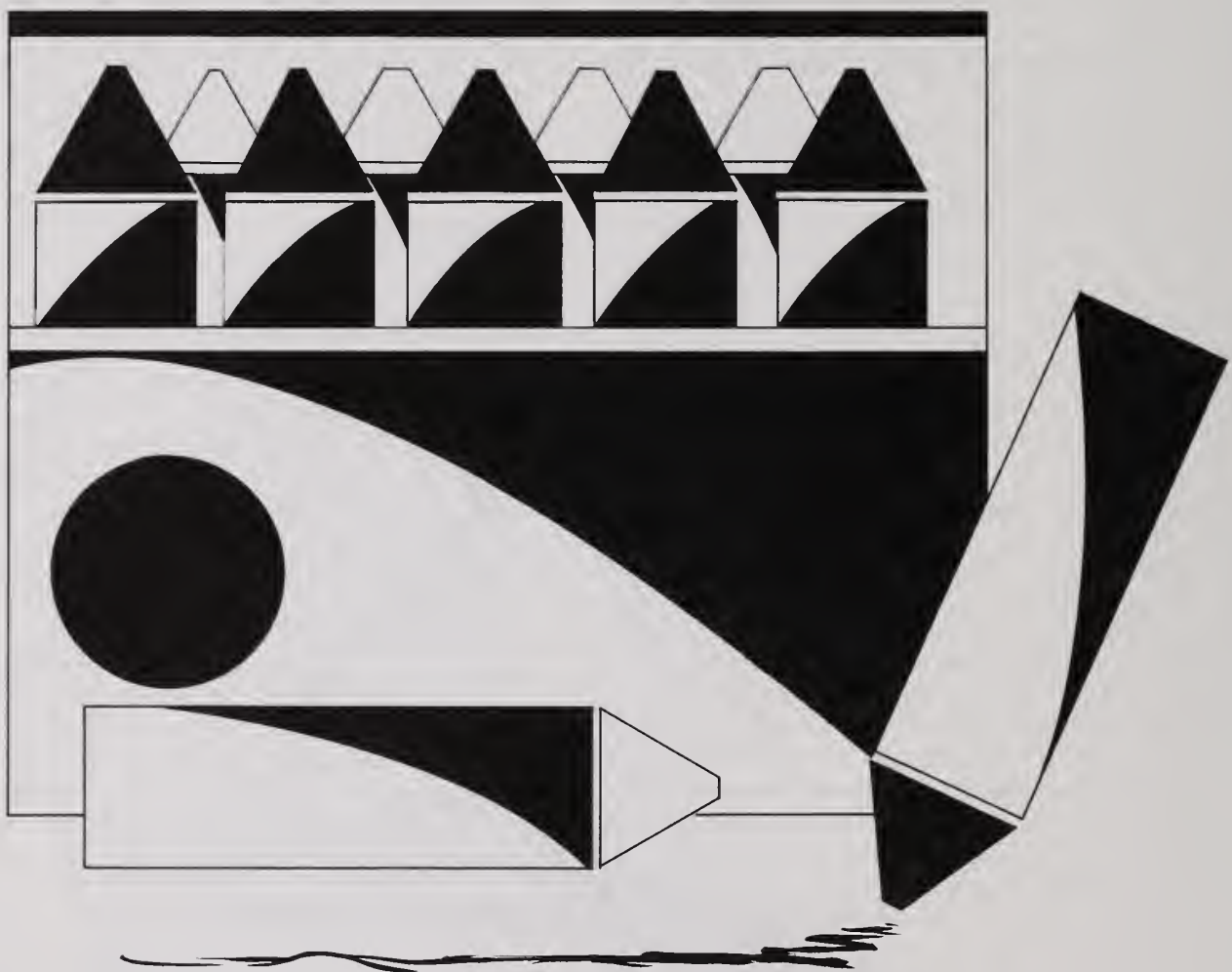
will never know him. He will never hear her speak his name, nor feel the comfort of her touch. He will never hear her hum that familiar melody to him.

I hate leaving her. I hate the disease Alzheimer's. It has no business taking her from me. I miss her. Before I leave, I always look back over my shoulder as I go. I look into her empty eyes once again and I wonder...where has she gone?

**Nancy Allard**



**Cathy Demerjian**



Ginie Lavoie

## just thought i'd let you know

fuck you.  
until you speak  
your truth...  
I will never  
speak to you  
again...

you can love  
me  
you can leave  
me  
but you will  
never  
receive me  
you can heal  
me  
you can reel  
me  
but you will  
never  
reveal me.

you can't see  
me  
you can't feel  
me  
you can't steal  
me.  
you'll never  
conceal me.  
i'm written  
all over  
your face...  
in your  
walk

in your  
talk  
as I watch  
in distaste.  
no more  
grace.  
I have swallowed  
YOUR face  
admit all this  
haste.  
I have touched  
your soul  
and you have savored  
the taste...

the test  
is me.  
don't you see?  
the shroud of lust  
has clouded  
thee?  
alas,  
I am free  
from  
your wrath  
of misery.  
because I am  
your truth  
not yours you  
see...

I have called you  
my own  
until now  
that I disown.  
from me

you have flown.  
and now  
I have grown.  
you would never  
have known  
the essence  
shown  
I have called you  
my home  
but now I  
roam  
you're forever  
alone  
on your tireless  
road...

I loved you  
for asking  
but now i'm  
relaxing  
no more rehashing...  
...the thoughts  
of you  
that stick  
like glue.

just thought  
i'd let you  
know, fuck you,  
until you speak  
your truth...

...I will never  
speak to you  
again.  
xxx

Sonia Courcy

## Myth of Life

I've been looking for him  
for all my lifetime  
to try to understand  
the meaning of life.

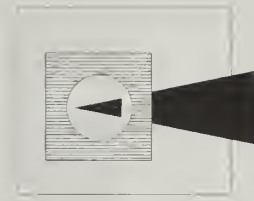
He that was born when I was.  
He that will die when I do.  
I feel as if I knew him,  
but I neither do nor will

because if I did,  
I'd know the whole world,  
and something like this  
is only for God.

Fausto Moscat



Fausto Moscat



## Two poems by Robin L. Tremblay

### Oklahoma

Little ones are sleeping  
Oh so soon  
God's arms are opened to them  
Cradled are they tonight  
Gone away from loved ones  
But not from their hearts, minds and souls  
Fear not for your child  
Your child is with God  
In their new home  
Awaiting by the gateway  
For one day you will be rejoined  
As you wipe away your teardrops  
Remember them in happier times  
But most important remember they are not alone

### Planet Star

I glanced at the sky and found myself gazing  
Thinking to myself if there is life up above in the  
stars  
We are floating in the same atmosphere  
Shining lights everywhere  
Lights on  
On that particular planet or should I say star  
Just imagine looking down among the planet Earth from  
one of those stars  
How the street lights and car lights would all look  
combined  
This planet star we can Earth would look just like  
another shining star

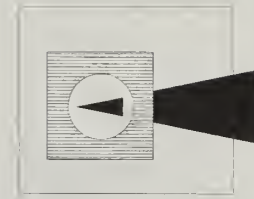


Dagny Collins

## When?

When we live among kings and can maintain a normal life...  
When we are able to live each minute with its meteoric 60  
seconds...  
When we fall down and can start over and over  
without ever thinking about the loss suffered...  
When we can do something, even with worn out  
instruments, but doing it nevertheless...  
When we can give without ever expecting anything back,  
only to feel the pleasure of giving...  
When we find a purpose to our lives and see in our fellow  
men or women our own reflection...  
When we realize that death is a "See you later" instead of  
a farewell...  
And only then, the whole universe and everything it  
contains will be ours.  
Though on that day we will have something more  
important than the universe, we will have life, simple, but  
beautiful and real life.

Ana Cristina Puello



## I Find Myself Alone

I find myself alone  
in a world full of Darkness  
searching for something  
that resembles the light

I find myself alone  
in a valley of Dreams  
yet no one seems  
to have any hope

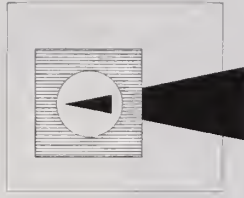
I find myself alone  
in a mansion of Olde  
yet the halls echo Dead  
with every descending step

I find myself alone  
in a world not my own  
yet I do not yearn  
for what I have lost

I find myself alone  
yet I am not lonely

I find myself alone  
yet I find myself

Cobb



## The Seasons of My Love

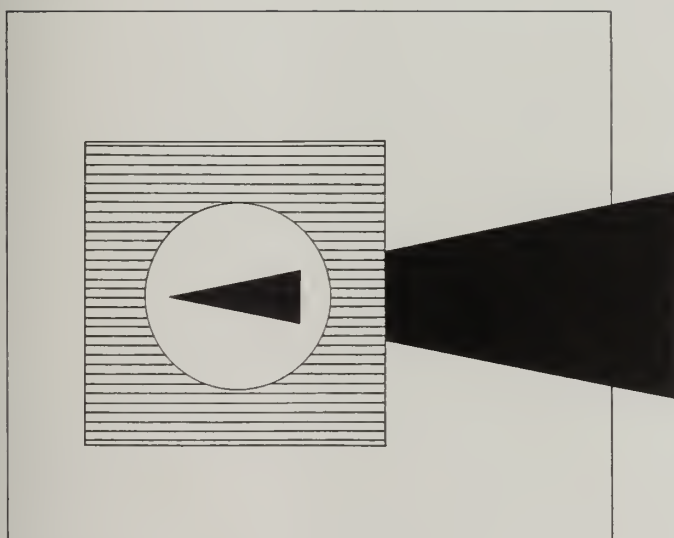
Summer's here, the sun's so bright  
The beamed heat scorching my skin  
touching my soul, this feeling  
burning within me, boiling my blood  
My fingers pulsating as it courses through every vein.  
Even clouded you can feel the power  
raged within, the sun's strong desire.

It's autumn now, the leaves aglow  
in vibrant lively color. The wind  
whistles to hear the leaves clapping  
in their gaiety, the branches warmed by their smile  
My heart's smiling too, for with this  
changed season, it's brought love.  
My leaves are red with passion you've ignited.

There's a chill in the air, it's oh so cold  
my body I can't seem to warm  
Winter brought the bitter cool air, it numbs my skin  
The roads frosted over, my blood thickens with  
every icicle that forms; yet, my heart still beats. How?  
The autumn leaves are gone; you too.  
Thank God for this cold that numbs.

New blades of fresh grass glistening from Springtime's dew,  
the fragrance of fresh flowers fills the air.  
With the sun, signs of new life around me.  
Even the birds sing differently, songs of new beginnings.  
My blood thaws and warms me, the smile back in my heart.  
I, too, feel reborn to start life anew  
and begin, once more, the seasons of my love.

**Cynthia Denman**



**Christine Dittack**

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